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*A Little Book of Too
Familiar Family Verse*



Barry Vail



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A LITTLE BOOK OF
TOO FAMILIAR FAMILY VERSE

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A LITTLE BOOK OF
TOO FAMILIAR FAMILY VERSE



TO WHICH ARE ADDED
A FEW PHILUPPICS

BY
BARRY VAIL pseud.

Ryan, John Barry

NEW YORK
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TO MY FATHER

You may be rich as Cræsus,
But when you 've read this verse
And corner'd this edition
There 'll be no creases in your purse.

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Preface.

THE author of these verses craves from his relatives, requests from his friends, and demands from the public at large, their indulgences as to the inaccuracy of the meter used.

His meter never has been accurate. The amount of gas running through his metre will be found to be enormous. In consequence, the family of the author is large, poor, and pitiable. It would have been small, rich, and enviable if his meter ever had been reliable and given him a chance to accumulate enough capital to start a better business than verse-making. The unfortunate possession of an irresponsible metre in his attic and a temperamental meter in his cellar is solely to blame. His surgeon is, as yet, unable to remove the one, and the Congosolidated Gas Company refuses to relieve him of the other.

A LITTLE BOOK OF
TOO FAMILIAR FAMILY VERSE

Carry me back ter ole Virginny.

CARRY me back ter ole Virginny;

Dar 's whar de fishin' on Tyre River was such fun;
Many 's de coon dat I treed in Owl Holler,

Many 's de mink dat I koted on Rucker's Run.
Dar when a boy I would rise in de mornin',

All in de dark 'fo' de comin' er de sun,
Set on a log on de slope er Wood's Mount'n,
Watchin' fer squir'ls an' a-munchin' sally-lunn.

CHORUS:

Carry me back ter ole Virginny;

Down in ole Nelson, whar de corn an' 'taters grow;
Dar 's whar dey don't have no stock-market tickers,
Dar 's whar dis ole darky's heart am long ter go.

Carry me back ter ole Virginny;

Dar at Oak Ridge de cows an' horses are so fine;
Dar 's whar Decanter an' swif' Highland Eagle
Munch on de blue grass an' sweet-pertater vine.
Dar 's whar de razorbacks run on de mount'n,
Plenty de acorns an' nuts on which dey feeds,
Den in de fall when time come fer hog-killin'
Maybe I koteh some er dose er Mister Sneed's.

A LITTLE BOOK OF

CHORUS:

Carry me back ter ole Virginny,

Down in ole Nelson, whar de corn an' 'taters grow;
Dar 's whar dey don't have no *Whirls* an' no *Joynals*,
Dar 's whar dis ole darky's heart am long ter go.

To my Father,

Christmas, 1907.

TOO FAMILIAR FAMILY VERSE

Al.

LOOKA here now, Al, I gota 'nough of you;
You been a bada, bada brok' alla week.
Why you tella me buy dot America Tobac?
What 's de mat' why you no speak?
You aska de marge,
You maka much charge,
You soaka me tena per cent.
You tinka for a minute dot I standa for dot?
You tinka I 'm a lowa-downa gent?

Gooda-by, Al, I am going away;
You got a bad disposish.
Gooda-by, Al; it 'll bea colda day
When you getta again my commish.
I comma in your office when I gotta much tin,
You sella me de Inter-Met., an' taka me in.
Gooda-by, Al; get gay vit me
And I maka for you much troub.

Apologies to Messrs. Montgomery and Stone
in "The Red Mill."

To

*Allan A. Ryan, Esq.,
on his birthday,
May 6, 1908.*

A LITTLE BOOK OF

Sal.

GEE! Sal,
You 're a fine gal,
All to the candy fer Al,
Reguler bang-up pal.
But say!
Fade away!
How about dat Forty-second Street affray?
'T ain't true
What dey say of you,
Tryin' to fall thru
Into the
Subway
T' other day?
Heh?
Is dat so?
How do I know
Car-track stubbed yer toe?
Well!
Do tell!
I was dere
An' will take der stand an' swear
You lost a switch.
A which?
Why, a switch
Of some udder guy's hair.

TOO FAMILIAR FAMILY VERSE

What?

'T ain't perlite?

Well, maybe

Dat 's right.

What?

Mad?

Well, dat 's too bad.

Whew!

But I 'll tell you

What I 'll swear 's true,

Dat der railroad, too,

Lost a switch.

A which?

Why, a switch

Dat yer tried to kick thru.

Dat 'll do

Fer you.

Apologies to W. J. Lampton.

To

Mrs. Allan A. Ryan,

on her birthday,

October 16, 1908.

A LITTLE BOOK OF

Presarvin'-Time.

ME an' my bruvver Teddy 's
Goin' ter set eroun' all day,
An' jes keep ther back porch tidy,
An' *behave* like Sabbath day,
An' keep our jumpers clean an' neat,
An' hair brushed nice an' slick,
'Cos it 's *presarvin'*-time at our house,
An' there 's *wooden spoons* ter *lick*!

To
Master Theodore Sabelle Ryan,
aetat three years,
on his birthday,
June 30, 1908.

TOO FAMILIAR FAMILY VERSE

Scared er Jumpin'.

I 'SE got er bruvver Teddy,
He ain't *near* so big es me;
He 's 'low'd ter jump off *jes one* step,
But I 'se 'low'd ter jump off *three*.

Ma says 'at she 'll spank Teddy
Ef he jumps off more 'an one.
(We gits candy w'en *Pa* spansks *us*,
But Ma *she* don' giv' us none!)

He 's scared er gittin' walloped
Ef he jumps es high es me,
But *he* ain't scared er *jumpin'*
'Cos I *pushed* him off ter *see*!

To
Master Allan A. Ryan, Jr.,
aetat five years,
on his birthday,
July 4, 1908.

'Zadgeratin'.

JOHN BARRY down ter Suffern's,
Here a-visitin' with his ma,
An' says ther circus come ter town,
An' he went with his pa,
An' says in one big waggin
Was a *milyun* snakes—*erbout*;
But *I* knows *he* 's 'zadgeratin',
'Cos I 'se sure they 'd *twiggle out*.

To
Master John Barry Ryan, Jr.,
aetat eight years,
on his birthday,
July 8, 1908.

After-Birthday-Dinner Verses,

“Strawberry Patch,” Suffern, New York,
September 8, 1908.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :

THIS after-dinner speaking is an art
That e'en should come impromptu from the heart;
But our fair hostess spread the board so well
My heart 's too full for words, my stomach feels like

Therefore if dull I am and lacking sprightly wit,
Spare me your criticisms, blame Mrs. Al for it.
However, I must seek to do my best,
And indigestion hide 'neath bursting vest.
The girls, impatient, wait to hear their charms
Discoursed on—hair, eyes, lips, and limbs and arms.
Let 's not an eyebrow, mole, or dimple miss,
But stamp each on our mem'ry with a kiss.

Why, see who 's here! A maid of the Diana sort.
No country gentleman could find a gamer sport.
Should'st like to see her beauteous eyes aflame?
Then tell her tales of dog, of gun, of game.
But first of all should'st see her on a horse,
For on her hunter's hoofs there grows no moss.
Full fifty miles she rode 'twixt noon and eve—
'T is quite a tale, but Clen we must believe—

A LITTLE BOOK OF

And rode an English, not a Western saddle,
And sat the hunting-seat, no ugly straddle;
With naught to rest her, neither horn nor cantle,
And did not eat her dinner off the mantel.

Then Nina, bless her wild and fluttering heart,
No woman ever made could play her part,
And make a man so happy in his home
That he has ne'er a wish from her to roam.
But every year that flits so swiftly by,
She clips his wings for fear he 'd learn to fly;
And every other year, for better or worse,
She calls on Mrs. Striker for a nurse,
Till John begins to doubt if bolt and door
Will keep the starving wolf from Barrymoor.
But let me not forget the infant Basil,
Or I will surely get the razzle-dazzle.
He is the finest baby of the bunch,
And how he yells if he don't get his lunch!
But still, when everything is said and done,
It 's Basil's ma that surely takes the bun;
Beside her, sage Minerva 's very dense,
And stately Juno looks like thirty cents.

Why, Sally 's here! with hair of molten gold,
'T is better far than that in Wall Street's mold;
And fair complexion, all ablush with pink,
That drives all other women straight to drink;
But, best of all, a smile that won't come off,
In spite of teasing, biting jest, or scoff.

TOO FAMILIAR FAMILY VERSE

And what a hostess! Every guest at ease!
The more you ask, the more she tries to please.
At our worst failings she has never laughed;
She sympathizes when we feel a draft;
And folks like me, who love strawberry jam,
Get all they want, and *she* don't give a ——.
So let 's unite in giving her the palm;
As hostess *she* is *not* a false alarum.
So let us thank her with a grand Amen,
For if we don't we won't be asked again.

Chaffering.

THE COFFEE-URN.

THE Lion Passant and Maker's Mark
Are quite distinct and plain,
The Leopard's Head is easy, *but*,
To spite your eye and brain,
You can't make out the Letter
That would indicate the Date
On your handeddownforages
Piece of Ancient Family Plate.

THE VENISON-DISH.

The Lion Passant and Leopard's Head
Are plain as plain can be;
It only takes a half an eye
The Letter'd Date to see;
But worry thro' your Chaffers,
Yet the Maker's Marks won't mate
On your georgeormarthausedit
Piece of Ancient Family Plate.

THE TRAY.

The Letter'd Date and Lion Passant
You recognize at once;
The Maker's Mark is quickly found;
Then, stupid as a dunce,

TOO FAMILIAR FAMILY VERSE

You puzzle on forever
O'er the Leopard's foolish pate
On your can'treplacitever
Piece of Ancient Family Plate.

THE CAKE-BASKET.

The Letter'd Date and Leopard's Head
Both quite agree with Cripps;
In Chaffers is the Maker's Mark,
But here the expert slips;
For Lion Passant is missing,
And there 's naught to show his fate,
On your nowadaysnothinglikeit
Piece of Ancient Family Plate.

A LITTLE BOOK OF

Binns.

TA-A tat!
Ta-a tat!
Tat! Tat! Ta-a tat!
W'at ther divil are ye at?
Ta-a tat tat!
Binns! It ain't that
Dridful signal C. Q. D.
W'at ye 're sindin' o'er ther sea?

Arrah, Binns! Binns! Binns!
'Mid yer flashes an' yer dins,
Sure ther nerve an' sand widin ye
Keeps yer standin' on yer pins;
'Cause it seems ther thing ter do,
Whin they rams us half-way thro',
An' Davy Jones is standin' by
Ter wish us how d' yer do.
Arrah, Binns! Binns! Binns!
'Mid yer flashes an' yer dins,
May yer missage hit ther *Baltic*
Afore Death and Davy wins.

Ta-a tat!
Ta-a tat!
Tat! Tat! Ta-a tat!
Where in heaven are they at?

TOO FAMILIAR FAMILY VERSE

Ta-a tat tat!
Binns! It ain't that
'Cumilater goin' weak
So they 'll niver hear us speak?

Arrah, Binns! Binns! Binns!
'Mid yer flashes an' yer dins,
Ye 've no time to pray to Heaven
Fer rimission of yer sins,
Wid Marconi's langwidge queer
Makin' noises in yer ear,
Spellin' annything for you, Binns,
But ther letthers m'anin' fear.
Arrah, Binns! Binns! Binns!
'Mid yer flashes an' yer dins,
That C. Q. D. hit 'Sconset,
I can tell be how ye grins.

Ta-a tat!
Ta-a tat!
Tat! Tat! Ta-a tat!
Binns! We know where ye ar' at.
Ta-a tat tat!
Sure it is that
I 'll niver sail ther blue
Widout you amongst ther crew.

Arrah, Binns! Binns! Binns!
'Mid yer flashes an' yer dins,
Ye 've got the place amongst us
Nayther might nor money wins.

A LITTLE BOOK OF

Wid yer fri'nd Jack Tattersall,
Who was answerin' of yer call,
Yer have ther admuration
Of ther people one an' all.
Arrah, Binns! Binns! Binns!
'Mid yer flashes an' yer dins,
Since we ain't got no more like yer,
Sure I wish that ye was twins.

To

*John R. Binns, Esq.,
January 23, 1909.*

TOO FAMILIAR FAMILY VERSE

To Louis Brennan, London.

ARE you the Mr. Brennan makes those gyrostatic tops
That will keep a train in balance
When it goes or when it stops?
On single rail, or wire rope
That 's stretched across

A

C

H

A

S

M

Write and tell me, Mr. Brennan,
If you 're the man that has 'em.

I 'd like a pocket sample of a gyrostatic top.
Would it help me keep my balance
When bound homeward from a hop?
Would I lose that wabbly motion
When I try to cross

T

H

E

S

T

R

E

E

T

A LITTLE BOOK OF

When I 'm just a little boozy
And I can't control my feet?

Then the stairway in my mansion is the gyratory sort,
And my wife she haunts the landing,
So most generally I 'm caught.
Would I lose the firm conviction
That the stairs go up

L I K

E

T H I S

If I had a gyrostatic?
Would I get a smiling kiss?

So if you 're the Mr. Brennan makes those gyrostatic
tops

That make walkin' chalk lines easy,
Take the curve off rye and hops,
Can I trouble you to send me
One, I 'm truly yours,

A.

J

A

Y.

P.S. For very good ones
I 'll pay anything you say.

*Reprinted from the Sun,
New York, May 11, 1907.*

TOO FAMILIAR FAMILY VERSE

The Dogbane Beetle.

'LISSA holds a dogbane spray.
Dogbane beetle finds his way
To a finger sans a ring.
'Lissa pouts at such a thing.
Surely he has little right
Scintillating ruby light
Where no jewel ought to be
When one's heart is fancy free.

Dogbane beetle likes the part,
Loath from finger to depart.
"Take him off," Melissa cries.
Fear of beetle shuts her eyes.
"Hold your finger forth," I said,
"I would have him put his head
In this little trap I 've found.
Then I 'll have him safe and sound."

Softly, I Melissa's hand
Held, and slipped a jeweled band
Down to where the beetle lay.
Duty o'er, he flew away.
'Lissa looked, the beast had fled:
On her finger glowed instead
Ruby light that never dies.
'Lissa blushed and dropped her eyes.

*Reprinted from the Sun,
New York, June 30, 1907.*

A LITTLE BOOK OF

Da Albermarl' Pip'.

AH lika to sella banan';
Da customa maka no foz,
He pointa da feenga lik' dees,
An' say, "Gimmee halfa da doz."

Ah lika to sella peenut;
Eet maka no deaf w'at Ah got,
Da olda one sell jes' as queek
As da fraish eef Ah keepa dem hot.

Da appl' he giva da troub';
So manee da deafaren' kin',
Da yalla, da gren, an' da red,
Eet maka much meex en my min'.

When appl' he coma to buy,
Da bigga man, Boss er da Bank,
An' messenger boy, vera fraish,
Eacha one alla sama da crank.

Da Boss er da Bank vera mad
W'en he don' finda appl' he like;
He maka me moova my stan',
An' buy from da Irisha Mike.

TOO FAMILIAR FAMILY VERSE

Da messenger boy, vera fraish,
He cheata me alla he can;
Getta mad w'en da appl' ain' good,
An' come an' upsetta my stan'.

But nowa Ah hava no troub',
Ev'raboda he coma to buy;
Ah doa da bigga da biz;
You wanta me tella you why?

From Napolee coma da fr'en',
Ee goa to work een Virgeen';
Ah getta from heem da one let',
Ah reada you w'at ee got een:

*"Een Eengleesh Ah write, deer Tommas,
To tella you vera good t'eeng;
Ah maka da bigga discov',
Ah tinka much monee he breeng.*

*"T'ro' alla you appl' away;
Ah senda you ^{greata} beeg bar'l
Eees full wid de appl' call' Pip';
He 's grow' een dees plaise Albermarl'."*

Nex' day coma longa da bar'l;
Ah knocka he's haid off so queek.
"Mio caro!" Ah say to mysel',
"Da keeng don' hav' appl' so sleek."

A LITTLE BOOK OF

Ah hava no more da beeg troub',
Dat maka much meex een my min';
Ah keepa no more da bum app',
Only sella dees Albermarl' kin'.

Da messenger boy, vera fraish,
He snatcha da pippin one day;
Een ten meenit he coma right back,
An' maka me taka da pay.

Oncea more he come back on da run,
An' shaka da handa wid me;
He say: "Peeka da fines' you got;
Ah taka dem een to J. P."

Da bigga man, Boss er da Bank,
He see dees one appl' so gran';
He smila all ova da face,
Say "Buon Giorno," an' shaka da han'.

He feexa da place by da bank,
An' maka me bringa my stan';
He say to da coppa lik' dees:
.*"Don' you peencha dees Italee man."*

Ah doa da bigga da biz,
Ev'raboda he coma to buy.
Eef Ah maka da money lik' dees,
Ah go to Virgeen' by an' by.

*To J. P. M., Esq.,
September, 1909.*

L'envoi.

COME, little book!
Go forth and do thy duty.
Thou hast a mission
Far beyond the stars.

What tho' our fathers scorn
Thee in thy beauty?
Lift up thine eyes
And take thy messages to Mars.



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